

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

november/december 2017

RAWSAND

by Art Blue

Rescue

Cat Boccaccio

She Rezzed #4/Wu

**Monsters/
Violent Means**

RoseDrop Rust

Finally Free

Jullianna Juliesse

Empty Night

Consuela Hypatia Caldwell

Landscape of a Memory

recalled by Trinana Peach

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read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

- **Rawsand** Art Blue continues to do what he does best with this month's *Rawsand* (for all of you *Blade Runner* fans), and in so doing, turns our minds inside out and every which way.
- **Rescue** With this month's offering, Cat Boccaccio stretches out a little with a story of a very awkward family gathering.
- **Monsters** Picking up Cat's mantle of brevity, RoseDrop Rust delivers the shortest piece ever to appear in *rez*. It doesn't take Rusty long to get to a very dramatic point.
- **Empty Night** Long-time contributor, Consuela Hypatia Caldwell, contributes one of her finest poems to date, a pensive piece about quiet desperation.
- **Landscape of a Memory** We welcome Trinana Peach to the *rez* family with a brooding piece about recollection.
- **She Rezzed #4** Wu is back and everyone is buzzing.
- **Finally Free** Jullianna Juliesse liberates us all with her achingly thoughtful reflection on endings and new beginnings.
- **Violent Means** RoseDrop Rust composes an enigmatic message for the always nonjudgmental answering machine.

About the Cover: Mentioned in Art Blue's *Rawsand* piece this month, Walking City is a slowly evolving sculpture walking to an electronica soundtrack as she adapts to her environment, much like Art Blue's ever-changing vision.



Yesterday was
Armageddon
Today We Have
A Serious Problem

AFTER DARK LOUNGE



AFTER DARK
— LOUNGE —
on Idle Rogue

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nitz
om
kSL

SKINNY PO BEACH

COUPLES & SINGLES

ADULTS ONLY

AS



WIDER RESORT PLAYGROUND



Each month this year we are including one of the months from Molly Bloom's 2017 calendar, which was produced by Art Blue, with the help of Jami Mills. Art has sent copies of this wonderful example of immersive art to many well-respected museums around the world in his single-handed effort to preserve the finest examples of early immersive art, before they are lost forever.

Molly Bloom 2017
The Queen is Not Amused



art direction/photography: jami mills
production: art blue · r - e - z ·



“Molly’s November calendar is the iconic *The Queen is Not Amused*, which together with her December work, *She Bang*, closes out this wonderful collection of some of Bloom’s most delightful and refreshingly original works.”

Jami Mills

November

the queen is not amused



“Let’s meet her.”

This month the poker princess is at:

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		



201711.
immersivia.com



December

she bang



“I am real and not alone” at:



201712.
immersivia.com

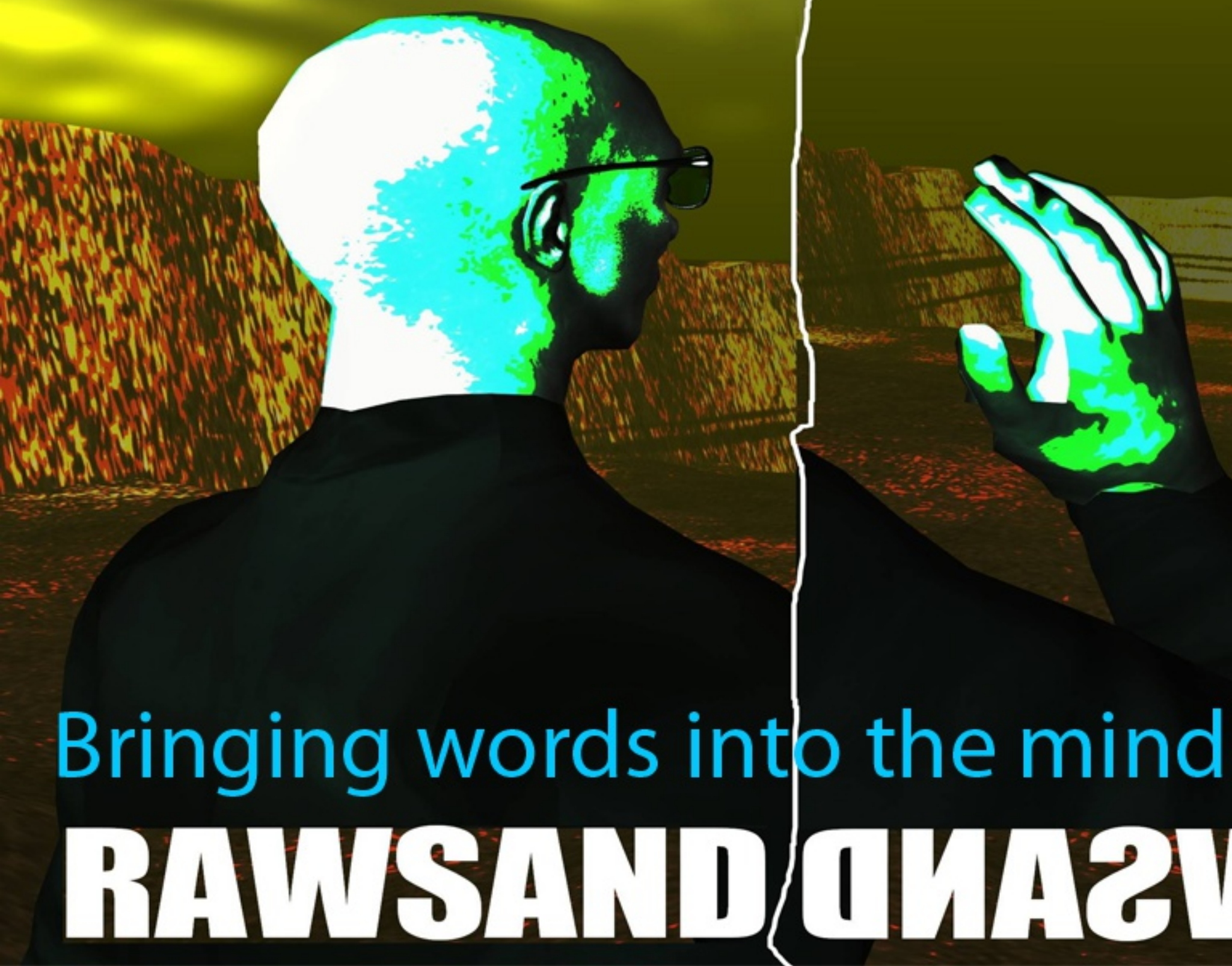


Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



An Homage to Blade Runner



Bringing words into the mind

RAWSAND OMA2V

The background is an abstract composition. A central, textured, light-colored column stands on a dark, textured base. The column has a mottled appearance with shades of beige and light brown. Behind the column, there are horizontal bands of color: a dark blue band at the top, a light blue band, and a dark blue band at the bottom. The overall texture is grainy and painterly.

nner

of Dr. Ana Stelline

WAR

by Art Blue

I open the book *Not Sand, Not Sound* telling a story of the year 2047, that was brought to the past by a time traveler.

It is all Sand around me and there is wind. Wind that creates the Song of Dunes. I, Ana Stelline, need silence when I read “Silence is my enemy,” when I watch the moving sand, when I watch lives passing. I create silence. Want to read with me?
<https://vimeo.com/85596568>

36, looks up and smiles. “Noob42?” I shake my head. “That’s my editor, the greatest editor of all time.”

The officer types something in her patio. Of course she did not type and also it is not a patio; it is something you just don’t know right now, so let me call it what I like.

She looks up and says, “People.” I know that is one of the random phrases for a SAS-test. I answer, “Insanlar,”



SILENCE IS MY ENEMY

“Hello. It is me,” I say.

The officer, a super hourglass 34-16-

and I wait.

“Are you a Muslim?” she asks. I wondered for a moment if she was human and thought that maybe they

had dumped her on the bureau like a de-louser, but she couldn't be one, or?

"Silence is my enemy," I say.

She points for me to take my place at the Voigt-Kampff machine. I take the seat and move my head forward. The actuator snaps to keep my eyelids open so the scan of my iris can be done. The machine begins its artificial breathing. I am prepared for all the questions in the database. I learned them all. Some of them come up in my mind. Like two of the questions in *Orphan Black* when one of the remaining Castors was being tested:

*Some poisons are pills.
All pills are purple.
Conclusion: All poisons are purple.
True or false?*

*Some fowls have feathers.
Some feathers are brown.
Conclusion: All fowls are brown.
True or false?*

I will have to click a button and say True or False. I hear the first one.

*Some rivers have fish.
All fish eat coins.
Conclusion: No coins left.
True or false?*

When the balloon opens again for the vent to take another breath, I see a

logo. It is the logo of Cray Industries. We at the NGA use a Hypercray 7 for Bitcoin mining to get the last few thousand coins left of the 21,000,000 Bitcoins in total. I once wrote a program in python to calculate the exact number. There will always be 3 Bitcent left, as the correct maximum is 20,999,999.9769 Bitcoins. I feel some relief... known technology, known algorithms. Fishing and mining are connected; in some areas both terms are interchangeable, but not when it comes to the last fish and to the last coin. I click 'False.'

The next question is not in the database. I don't make any move. I wait. The question is repeated. She says,

*"Some bunnies are hares.
All hares are rabbits.
Conclusion: All rabbits are bunnies.
True or false?"*

The bunny is a key word in *The Gods of Informatics* and it is widely discussed if it stands for the rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland* or if it has reality for the author. I need to say 'True,' but would it be true outside of Alice? The question is, where I am now? Shall I make my iris respond? The question is repeated for the third time.

"Conclusion: All rabbits are bunnies. True or false?"

I don't let my iris change. I don't speak either. The Voigt-Kampff machine beeps. She stands up and says, "Passed."

I was about to repeat in disbelief, "I passed?" but to show insecurity now would not be good at all. Who knows, maybe the reaction on getting the message "Passed" is the test ... so I just nod. I notice in her smile that she knows that I have no clue.

"You faced your demons," she says.

I stand up and say to her, "Silence was your enemy."

"Oh," she mumbles. "I waited for you." I see tears running down her face. She adds, "My entire life."

I stand frozen like a stupid guy, feeling like a toddler with no clue of life. You may say an old man describes me better. I am old in numbers, yes, but not old in any other terms. She notices that I don't get it; I often don't get it with women.

She says, "Do you have your book written?"

I nod. I have no clue what to say now, so I say, "Is it you bunny?"

She places her finger to my lips. I understand the room is supervised. She

applies the neuronal stamp on my skin and points at a detail on it. There is a chip implanted. It looks like an assemblage of NOR gates. Do you know what makes a NOR gate?

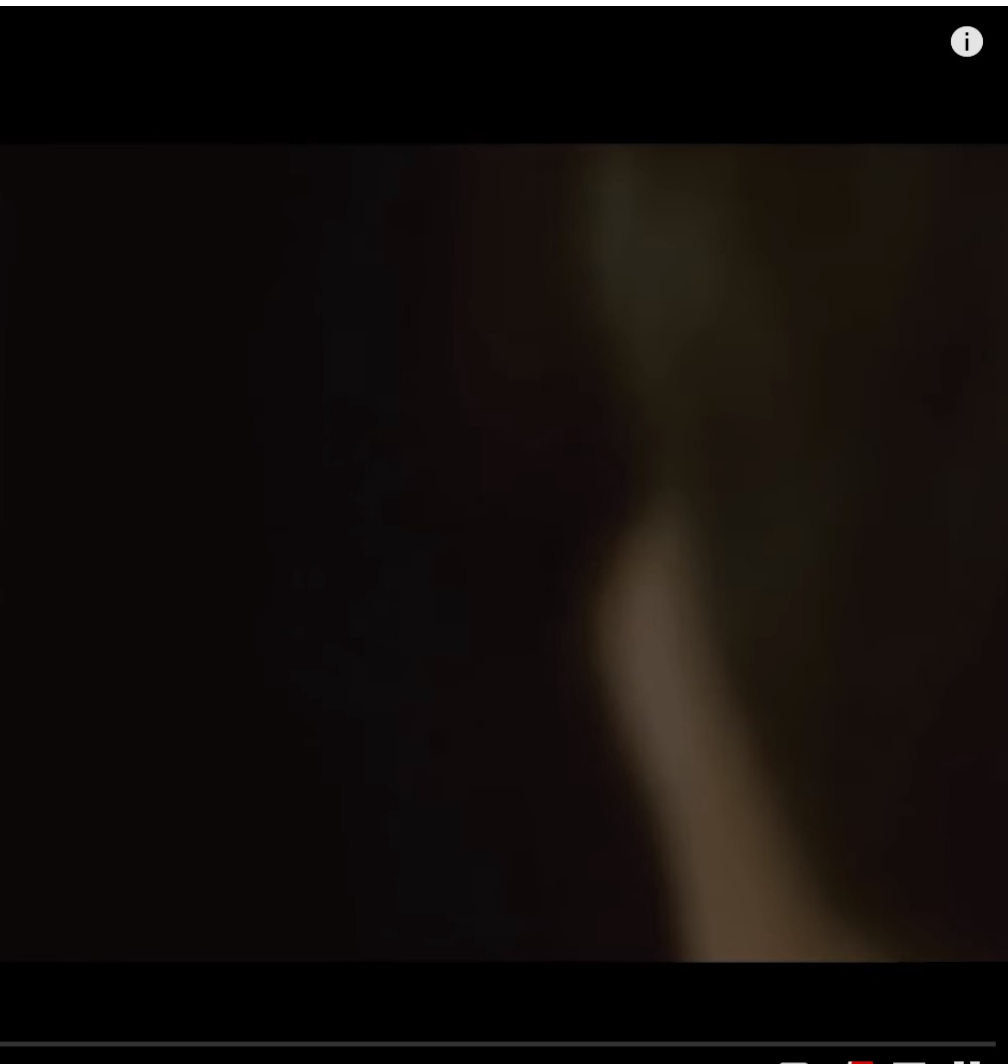


A NOR gate is a logic gate which gives a positive output only when both inputs are negative. It is a universal gate that can be used to create any code. No other chips are needed.

It is enough if you have just NOR gates in hand and you will become a billionaire with the right Bitcoin miner running in them. Do I need to hand my coins over when I pass the gate?

"Meet you at the Gate of Nor," she whispers and looks at her watch. "In

two hand and 14 ahn.” She is gone, disintegrated. I stand in the office. I have my stamp and an inverter. I can switch between Sane and Sound and Not Sane and Sound.



This switch works similarly to the one you implanted in your ear for using your Babelfish. The Babelfish translates any languages flawless and you experience no delay at all. The switch for it is placed in the skin fold under your ear where you easily reach it. The system has for security reasons a buffer to store voice communication for about 10 minutes, even when switched off in a rotating way, similar to the bike cam insurance companies now require bikers to wear. The manual by Tyrell-Alphabet says “...

about 10 minutes depending on the density of the voice patterns.” What bullshit.

Only if the voice pattern is artificially generated by a voice particle AI does it end after about 10 minutes. Then the storage is full, but before this the system copies it to the cloud. In fact, it works like a *Man in the Middle* to use a technical term. Better would fit ‘Ear in the Middle.’ You say, “I move my finger under my ear lobe and this way I activate my Babelfish or switch it off.” No way, the Babelfish just says to you, “I am off.” In fact, it stays on and transmits to ... do I need to say it where the data are transmitted? You shout that this can’t be true if you are somewhere in the woods where there is no internet. You are wrong, there is a petabyte-sized storage inside to buffer it all. The manual again does not lie, stating “... changes due to technical improvements are possible without prior notice.” So instead of the good old terabyte, a petabyte storage chip is set in. Have you never wondered when you move your lips forming “Babelfish” and you add your secret word, like ‘Rosebud,’ so it comes out as “Babelfish Rosebud” and switches on when you do it the second time in a conversation, even when you have not reached your ear lobe with your finger? You say, “What the fu*k?” Don’t use this expression as a similar slang, as “Fu*k” activates the second level and

you are treated as suspicious, or as one “who knows too much.”

I have more than two hand in time left, two hand to step to the gate of NOR. I need to calculate how many days these are. At least it means more than ten days.

How to end this chapter, as it is the beginning, giving you a fair chance to verify that I am now Sane and Sound and that it is on me to click for a change? Shall I risk saying what brought me here? I remember a saying that the truth always comes out, always and in all ways. It was said 30 years ago, in 2017, at a time where Babelfish was just a fiction, stated in *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*.

Later when you have internet access you may find out that the Gate of NOR exists, as a historic fact connected to:

MACHINES WE ARE SENDING TO THE SKIES A DREAM MACHINE THAT NEVER STOPS

I place the book aside. The book was written in the year 2047 but printed in 2007. I understand the explanation given by the historian, Traveler 3326. I have watched the episode Helios 685 on Netflix. Later I will read more and if you are still here with me, then feel invited. I will share.

REALITY

I walk in my dome holding an actuator in hand; an intelligent camera I shall call it, as this picture fits better for a reality maker, as I am one. We once have been called augmented reality makers or advanced reality makers, but why make a fuss out of it as it is the form of reality you know; the only one you know. To write a story, I don't need an actuator. You also don't need one any longer, but it is a good picture, so you see that I struggle to find the right start for the reality I am creating.

“The only one they know” is a key message in Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. The lines in the play are completed by “people are bloody ignorant” and the explanation follows by saying that “people believe in the



only version they know.” But the much harder part to digest is that the main characters, Vladimir and Estragon, can’t leave, as both are waiting for Godot. You may know that Godot never arrives. Waiting is all that happens.

This is me, describing me: my immune system is weak, and I have to stay inside the dome. The holodeck creates what I want, what I need, but the words I used are not mine. I took them from the introduction of the book, *Not Sand, Not Sound*, written by someone who has experienced a Second Life, who has a history as a Sec-lifer. I just changed a few things like “pen” to “actuator,” as this is the device I use for creating memories for the Nexus 9 series, the replicants made by Niander Wallace. I am invited to visit Second

Life, the world every Sec-lifer is bound to be in, a server run by Linden Lab. I created an Ident-Unit for this purpose on the day *Blade Runner 2049* was launched: AnaStelline Resident. I am ready to start the virtual machine where the creations, they call themselves Avatars, are hosted. I set the timer in the computer to November 2017. I will carry the birthday cake along with the memories I created. I will use the portable projector, called an Emanato. I will give them memory, memory that will count as real for their whole life.

They shall see the grammasites of JadeYu Fhang travelling over the pleasure domes of Halcydonia.

They shall feel the strangeness of listeners glittering on the dark stair.

They shall ride on cantered barebacks on unicorns through the leafy forests of Zenobia and play chess with Ozymandias, the King of Kings.

They shall get a blank page to solve the ZENO paradox.

I began my work as a creator of stories of a good childhood after the blackout in 2022 where all digital data on earth was lost. No longer do the new Nexus Replicants have an unlimited life span. My mission is to create for them good memories that hold them stable until



their end. What are good memories? This I was asked by K, KD6-3.7, a Blade Runner, an LAPD officer

Castor test and I noticed that real memories are embedded in him. I fell in tears. Will the Avatars when I bring



hunting Replicants. I showed him the birthday celebration I have in mind for you. He asked me if I use real memories, memories of a real person. That's forbidden, I said and explained to him why my creations will be never as good as real memories, because real memories are based on emotions and not on technology. KD6-3.7 took place at the Voight-Kampff machine, which has now more in common with a

the birthday cake to the Surreal Tower Gallery fall in tears?

Some humans fall in tears.

All Avatars are Humans.

Conclusion: Avatars are tears.

True or false?

· r — e — z ·

Once a month on
Thursdays
1:00 PM SLT
Surreal Art Gallery
SIM Claressa



About SAND is hosted by the
incredible Juliette Surreal-D.

Art Talk

About SAND

Entering the
Digital Anthropocene

Art Blue



PHOTOGRAPHY

JAMI MILLS



Rescue Cat Boccaccio



“So, you’re the parents,” said Bob.

Envy tensed involuntarily. God, Bob, please don’t. We had a talk about your Radical Honesty. Please zip it this one time. Don’t tell my parents what I’ve said about them. Please please.

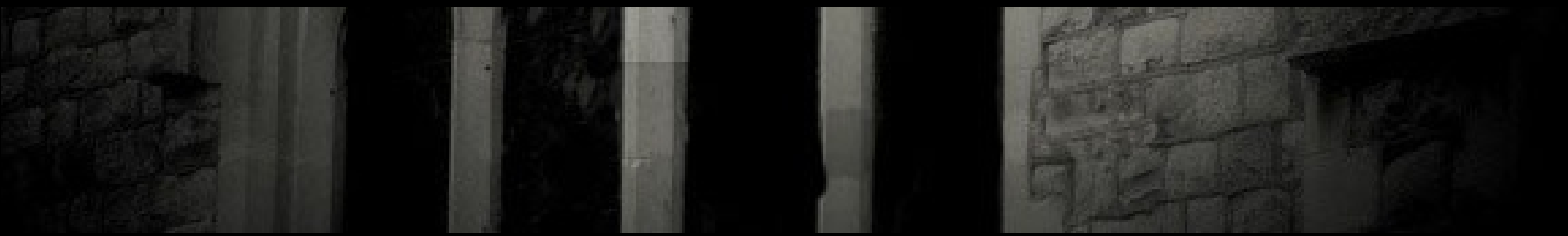
“Yes,” said Envy’s mother. “We are Envy’s biological parents.” Edwina Applegate was small and energetic, with grey-streaked smokey hair pulled back into a loose bun at the nape of her neck. She wore a very expensive red sheath, that hung upon her spare frame in a perfect, flattering drape. The “biological parents” remark was meant to be amusing. Actually, Envy did smother a tiny smile at her mother’s refusal to take the bait that Bob seemed to be offering, but on the other hand she felt the sting of her mother’s words too, because they implied what Envy knew to be true: that she was a disappointment to them. No one envied her beauty, and no one envied the wealth that her ex-husband had mostly squandered.

“I’ve heard a lot about you,” Bob said, honestly, taking her father’s outstretched hand and finding the grip rather overdone, as if Mr Applegate was making a point. He was a big man, his sturdy stoutness disguised by a loose, charcoal-covered sports jacket and an open shirt. He had a healthy crop of light brown hair, probably tinted since there was no grey at all.

While they enjoyed cocktails before dinner, Envy was careful to keep the topics of conversation neutral, knowing Bob’s honest opinion on the wet spring, the number of potholes in suburban and rural roads, and the dearth of fuel efficient cars outside of Europe would not cause offence to anyone.

“I take it Cash and Virginia and the baby aren’t joining us for dinner,” said Envy. She took a sip of her Bloody Mary, suddenly wishing it was bloodier (more alcoholic) and suppressed a sigh.





“Echo has colic,” said Edwina. “And you know your brother.”

“He’s becoming quite the doting mother,” said Darwin Applegate.

Bob’s honesty extended to his facial expressions. He looked surprised.

Envy said quickly, “There’s nothing wrong with Cash loving his baby daughter.”

“I bet you wish you’d had more time to spend with your kids, Mr Applegate,” said Bob. “You know, up-and-coming millionaire and all.”

This was met with an uncomprehending silence, until Envy coughed and said, “Bob trains dogs who rescue people from earthquakes.”

“Like when buildings collapse?” asked Edwina, an unwitting ally.

“Exactly like that,” said Envy.

“Do you personally supervise the excavations?” asked Darwin.

“No,” said Bob. “I just train the dogs.”

“Oh,” said Darwin.

They took their seats in the smaller family dining room. The tablecloth was a white embroidered coffee-coloured sateen, with fresh-picked violets packed into three tiny vases set evenly spaced upon the table. They would wilt within a few hours.

A server brought in their dinner, platter by platter; each of them was casually passed around the table. Steak, roasted vegetables, truffled mushrooms.

Envy put her hand in her lap and glanced at her watch. Oh, God. Seriously? We've only been here forty-five minutes? She looked around the table. No one was smiling. It could be worse, surely?

"This chimichurri is outstanding," said Bob, making an effort.

"Thank you," said Edwina. "Our cook, Connie, is from Peru."

"Legally?" asked Bob.

Envy discreetly reached under the table, put her hand on Bob's thigh, and squeezed. It was a warning and a plea. Bob took it as encouragement. He put his hand on hers and squeezed back.

"Just what do you mean by that, Bob?" asked Darwin, his voice disturbingly neutral in tone.

"Well, I hear a lot of servants are in the country illegally, I mean it is commonplace. Probably all your friends do it too."

"Connie was hired via a respectable agency," said Edwina.

"Ah," said Bob. "Good on you, then." He lifted his wine glass in a toast, and emptied it in one gulp. He turned to Envy and smiled. His expression was, See? Not so bad after all, right?

Pretty bad, Envy's eyes told him. She wasn't sure if he got the message, because as the server was refilling his wine glass, Bob was staring at her mother. Then a quick glance at her father, and back to Edwina again. Woman past her prime. Rich old bigot who dyes his hair.

An odd kind of group telepathy seemed to occur. Edwina looked up and caught his Bob's eye. Darwin looked at them both. No one looked at Envy. In a flash she knew what Bob was thinking. Don't say it Don't say it Don't say it.



“I believe in family values,” said Darwin abruptly. He knew what this fucking young and ignorant man was thinking, oh yes he did.

“In my experience, family values people are the first ones to cheat on their, uh, spouses,” said Bob. He cut a roasted carrot into tiny pieces. “You know those bible thumper types, always being caught with their pants down.”

“That’s ridiculous,” said Darwin. “We believe in Jesus Christ in this household, and the Church believes in the family above all else.”

“Catholic, right?” asked Bob.

“We are Catholic, yes,” said Envy. Jesus God, if you’re there, help!

“We? said Bob.

Oops. She hadn’t told Bob that she’d returned to the church after Marcos tried to kill her. Was that an important omission?

She stood up. “We have to go,” she said.

“Sit down, Envy,” said her father.

“No, we really do. We have tickets,” Envy said. “Bob?”

“If they have tickets, Darwin...” her mother said, the colour starting to return to her face.

Bob stood up. Someone fetched their jackets. Bob didn’t speak again until he said, “It was sure interesting meeting you both,” as they shook hands in parting.

Her parents, not being honesty radicals, were silent.

· r — e — z ·

Friday

Tonight's Theme:

?

with
DJ Gray
and Jami

Night

Howelsen
75, 234, 1545

9-11 SLT

Live

Monsters



RoseDrop Rust

Monsters,
like the one that comes out,
when whiskey leaves the cage door open.

Empty

Consuela Hypa

The night is so empty
It hollows out my daytime
With light so brittle
It shatters against the wall of darkness
With photon shards piercing
Any promise of morning

It's like diving into emptiness
With assumptions cut like
Blades of glass through a prickly night
Slicing with each movement

Despair of a hemorrhaging sense of self
Bleeds out into the night
It's a shredded self,
Squirming to feel whole
Pieces slipping away
And swept under the carpet,
As the bleeding seeps through the fibers

It's the Dead eyes in a hollow stare
That tears into the fabric, of a felt sense of connection
With the bottom dropped out of an empty moment

Night

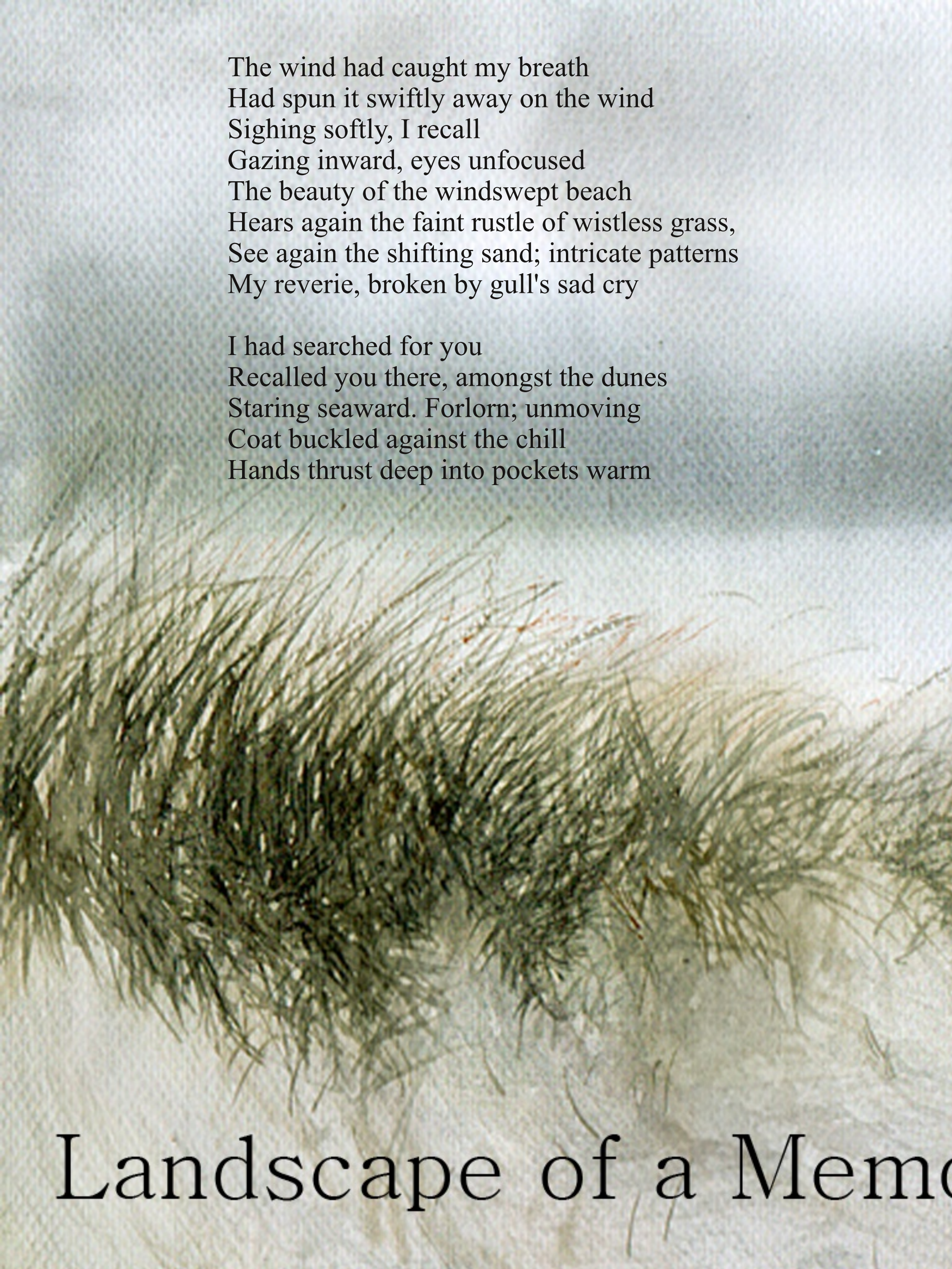
atia Caldwell

It's an internal darkness that can't fathom the light
It all wants to rise up
As it's pushed beneath layer after layer
Of the self-righteous
The callous
And the indignant ignorance of a shallow mind

Its pieces of blood soaked life
Staining each moment of a collective conscious
Being the consequence of empathic numbness
For any hurt that's not like your own

But you're shielded by the privilege of numbers
And karma is a burning brand on a collective psyche

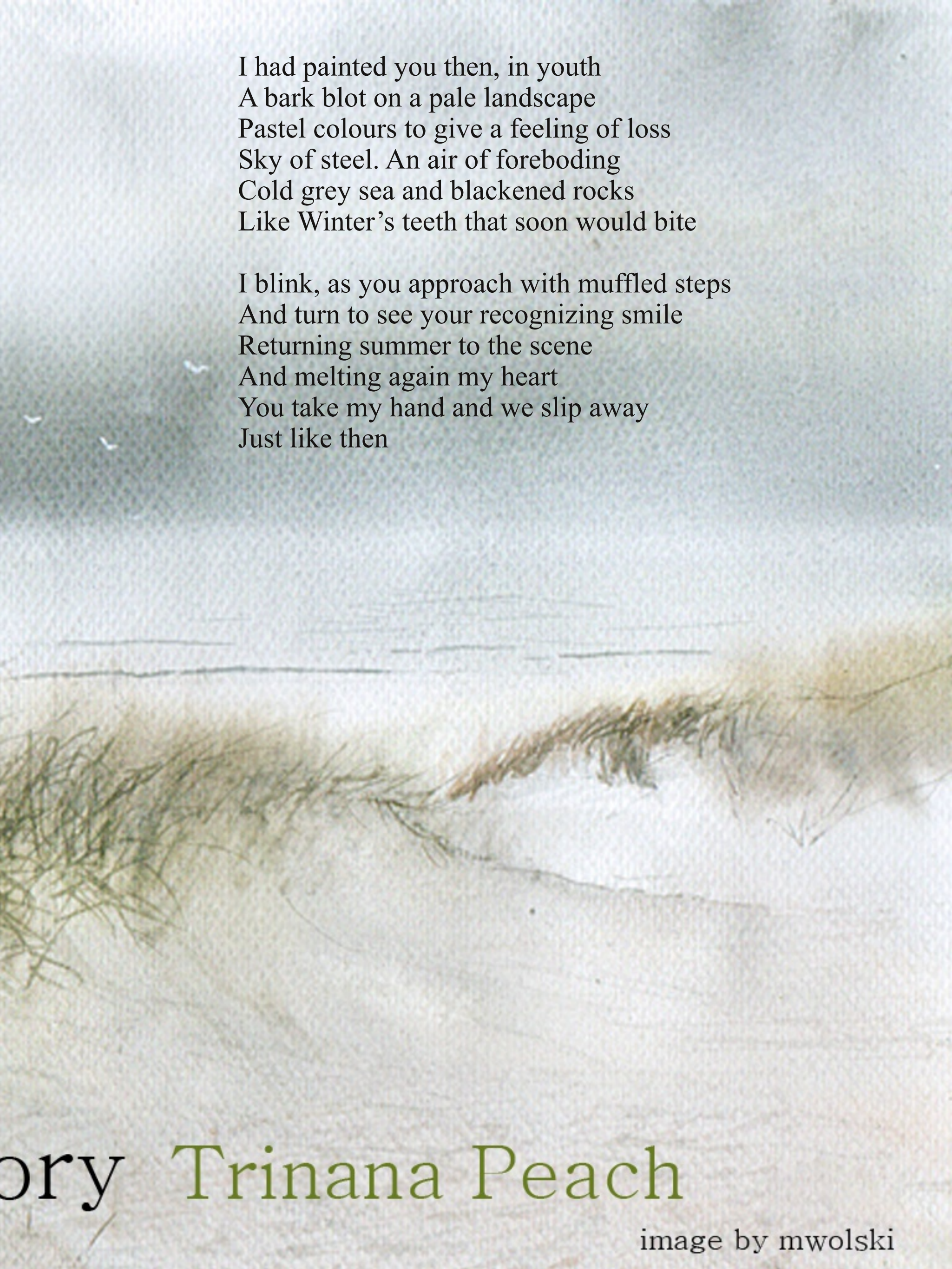
It's the mistakes of
Unintended cruelty that owns you
Accept it
Feel it
You'll carry it to your grave



The wind had caught my breath
Had spun it swiftly away on the wind
Sighing softly, I recall
Gazing inward, eyes unfocused
The beauty of the windswept beach
Hears again the faint rustle of wistless grass,
See again the shifting sand; intricate patterns
My reverie, broken by gull's sad cry

I had searched for you
Recalled you there, amongst the dunes
Staring seaward. Forlorn; unmoving
Coat buckled against the chill
Hands thrust deep into pockets warm

Landscape of a Memo



I had painted you then, in youth
A bark blot on a pale landscape
Pastel colours to give a feeling of loss
Sky of steel. An air of foreboding
Cold grey sea and blackened rocks
Like Winter's teeth that soon would bite

I blink, as you approach with muffled steps
And turn to see your recognizing smile
Returning summer to the scene
And melting again my heart
You take my hand and we slip away
Just like then

ory Trinana Peach

image by mwolski

She Rezzed #4

by Wu

She rezzed, immersed within a grand theater of constrained ruin, and seductive attachment.

A pavilion perched upon a floating promontory, snugly grounded to terra firma by heavy
Palladian dome, missile pierced. Platform seating, amidst a rubble strewn and cratered floor.
Night crept subtly between columns. An arena of decayed glory, penetrated by starlight.
The stage illuminated by soft spots, reflecting back upon a small fashionable gathering.
Scattered forms and faces revealed both living and lost between shifts and shadows.

She sat at the feet of her hosts, encased in a small pet carrier.
Head thrust out, shaved. Chin up, wearing a silly little hat.
It was a temporary humiliation, pending rehabilitation.



image by Silvie T

ents.

vy chain.
floor.

Master poked her a bit, from time to time.
Mistress delivered small kicks and silence.
She could flee, but would lose her place.
And it was a good place. She belonged.
Attentive, she watched in cool silence.

Cloaked figures moved within recesses around the stage.
A heavy wooden truss was placed up front, rigged and ready.
All went dark. Music streamed smooth shifting tonal landscapes.
Moonlight poured through the scarred dome, splashing on rubble.
Mistress replaced the silly little hat with her best hair, while landing
a sharp swift kick. A reminder: less a kindness, than attention removed.
Her time would come, soon enough. For now, it was someone else's turn.

She looked about at all the beautiful people.
Master was kind. She could see everything.
He removed her blindfold earlier that day.
Her gag remained, but she hardly noticed.
With text blocked, she had nothing to say.
Her night flowed between pokes and kicks.
Slowly, everyone's focus shifted to the stage.

The spotlights switched back on, magic floating through beams of cerulean blue.
A rope bunny appeared before the truss, removed her cloak, and boldly leaped in.
Ropes deployed. Cuffs and harness, grasped. Suspending her naked in arrested flight.

Behind the screen, she smiled.

*Don't let them tell you it's not a
death.
It is.*

The cold stack of papers—
Signed and notarized,
Fly across the country.
The endorsements final, the
money itemized.

You wait for the death.
You know it is the right thing to
do.
The smiling lawyers await you
too.

It is like euthanizing a beloved
pet.

You make the decision, then the
appointment.
And spend the night sadly
examining the old cat's eyes—
Curled round your head on the
pillow,
Rough tongue and toothless
mouth
Licking those final treats from
your dry palm.
There is nothing left.

Final

Jullianna Juliesse

*Don't let them tell you it's not a
death.
It is.*

That sad fairy tale, it is done—
Cobwebs on Miss Havisham's
wedding cake
The dusty crystal awaits the
wrapping and bins.

The pale bride comes loose at the
seams,
A malfunctioning windup toy put
out of her misery,
The wires popping out, beginning
to smoke.
Rising, imploding into the crimson
clouds.
Reborn, reinvented from her sins.

y Free



*Don't let them tell you it's not a death.
It is.*

You, Mother –
I had to be perfect.

You, Husband–
You expected me to be perfect.

You, Child–
You needed me to be perfect.
I tried, I tried.
God knows, I tried.

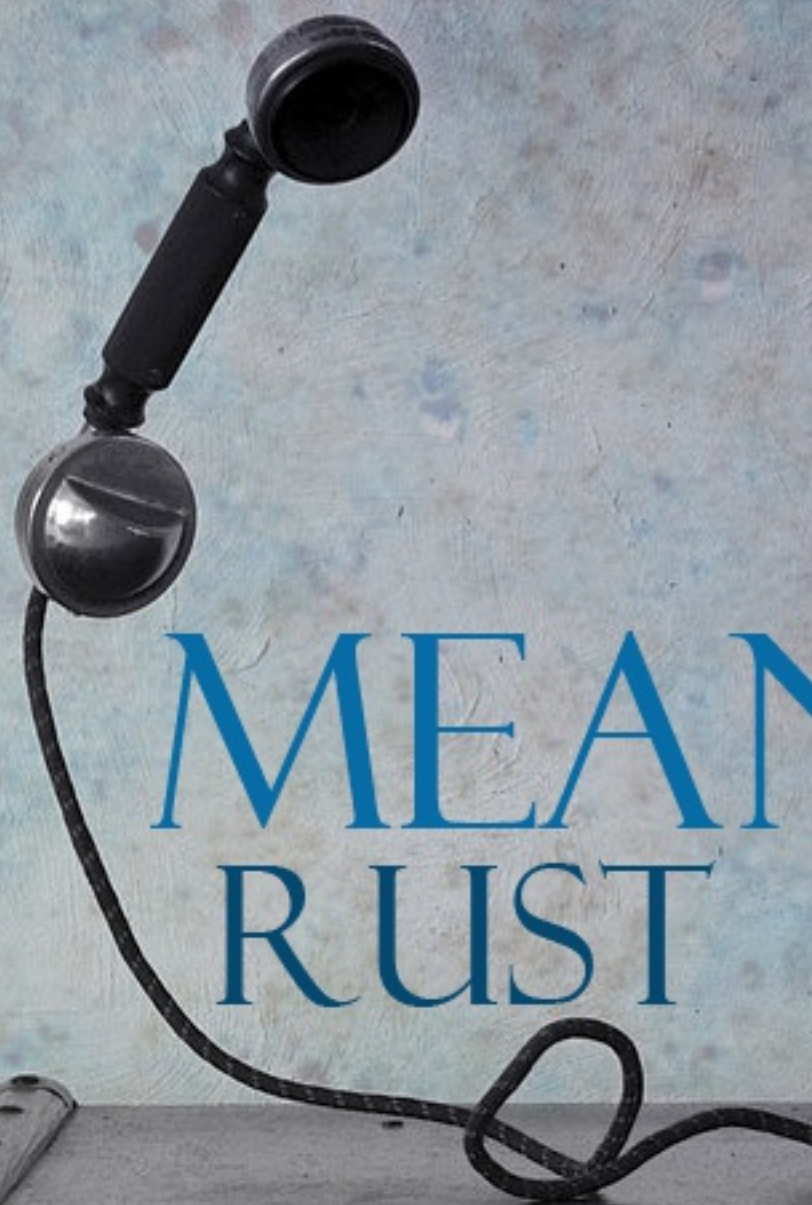
You, Greek Chorus, chiding or
otherwise–
You judge, judge, judge.

But I am I, am I.

Do not think I underestimate
any of this.
It is still a death.

I am finally free.
Whatever that means.

VIOLENT MEAN
ROSEDROP RUST



"Hi Violet Mansfield. Thank you for answering. I mean, I know that it's your job when LK is not available, but I appreciate it nonetheless. It's just that I worry. I know worrying does no good but my imagination storyboards dramatic scenarios of elephants nesting on her chest. It is hard for me that her breathing is so exhausting that it is difficult for her to stay awake. Fact is, I am starting to recognize that people I have been meeting and loving lately too often have this quality of imminent mortality, one foot already always in the spirit world, voices quavering like sinister messages from another dimension on a Twilight Zone radio. I have this mad compulsion to try to fix them, to deny the inevitable by sheer desire. I haven't any good advice or anything, particularly if a problem is chronic, or --- terminal. It's as if I have been made sick by association and if I could only change my habits ... I know that's silly. I am sorry to bother you with this, and I suppose I needn't leave a message anyway but it is nice to have someone to talk to. I like to think she finds it funny I call you Violet even though you are only a bit of generic code hanging on some switch or server somewhere. If we don't leave this for her, I guess we could keep this conversation between us."

"If you are happy with your message press ..." *beep*



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